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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

THE PLANTAIN.

It grows beneath our feet,
In every moisty shroud,
And lures the busy road on every side.
Around the cottage home
It ever loves to come,
And marks the spot wherever men abide.

Its little spire is seen,
Forever scant and green,
From early Spring to the chill Autumn day.
But every careless eye,
Will pass it idly by,
Nor deem it worthy of the bright bouquet.

Yet in the hour of pain,
Then seek it out again,
To harbor comfort from its cooling leaf.
The poor neglected flower
Can boast the noble power
To wake a smile and the tears of grief.

And thus, on every side,
Where human hearts abide,
Neglected by the 'upper and the gay.
They know not Love's course
Its hearth of happiness!
No kindred soul has ever passed their way.

They live and feel quiet!
Leached up within the heart,
Are tender and memories none ever know!
Alone on earth they live,
Their sympathy to give
To others' happiness and others' woe.

Around the trustful bud
They steal, with silent bend,
To woo their kindly with tender, watchful care,
Their steady chaces is seen
To raise the meanest fear,
And shield a bosom-friend from the vulgar stare.

Be mine the oft-a then,
To turn from selfish ease,
And prove the little flower that wins me so;
To speak in words of love
To those who around me move,
Forget by joy, remembered but by woe.

Boston Transcript.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER.
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ISABELLA E. S. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(CONTINUED.)

Their love was not extravagant or excitable; it grew calm, profound, and satisfying. There was no doubt or fear! They said aye! and felt that basis, united by a love like theirs, constituted by a faith like theirs, might do all things! And they planned. Oh! how they planned—not for themselves, but for others—for those whom they might possibly serve—the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, the ignorant, and the violent! They seemed to imagine for so much happiness to be a world shadowed with suffering, by resolving that not one wood would remain unmitigated, which they by effort or by sacrifice might ameliorate. There was no selfishness in their hearts, for there was no want! They possessed all things in each other and in God! How absurdly they pitied all who were not loving and beloved as they were! who had not friend, nor companion, nor God, in this they were! And this was not egotism! they were not egotists! They had no leisure for that, in disciplined and dear friend, General Gurnet.

Rumored and bewildered, Alice at first

"Never! never found such a thing
As answer possible to give!"

But then, after a while, modestly, timidly she spoke of her attachment to Hilton Sinclair. Her engagement to Hilton Sinclair! pooh, pooh!—pooh, pooh!—folly! She must never think of it again! Alice's all, she must never refer to him or their little childish engagement to Gosport! Gosport! Gosport, the cynical bigot! Gosport of H! Besides, there was no engagement! nonsense! ridiculous! preposterous! silly! romantic! girlish! Why, they had never had a word of love to each other! Never! Never! Never! Then the accepted herself in seeking a site for their parsonage, and planning a model for the new home; in ordering furniture from the Northern cities, which was to be paid for from her own private purse; and in which Miss Alice's moderate dower entire, to be put out at interest, and to avoid entrenching from Sinclair's very moderate salary. Finally, in their work and to work seeking, spinning, knitting, weaving, and sewing, that Alice might have a full supply of every description of household cloth and linen. The bride's trousseau was the last thing thought of, and there was little enough of that thought of that when her father should arrive. She did not know when that would be, but it was well to have everything at hand; a great deal of time is lost in labor, such as the house and furniture, and the household cloth and linen, the wearing apparel, and other minor preparations, of course, they could, and must be deferred, until Colonel Chester's arrival, then they would be speedily got up!

It was in the midst of this domestic happiness, this great, intense joy and hope, that the thunderbolt fell!

First came the news of the glorious victory of Yorktown—the final and signal triumph of the American arms! Then came an railroads and telegraphic wires in those days, and no steam nor newspapers. The report, the re-echo of the splendid victory rolled on from city to city, from neighborhood to neighborhood, like a storm!—in sheets of deafening thunder and lightning of astonishment, joy, and mad triumph! The news of the victory of Yorktown convulsed the whole village and neighborhood for days, before any newspaper arrived with an account of the battle.

And the same mail that brought the newspaper, with a long account of the victory, brought a brief official letter from below Gen. Sinclair, brought also a letter sealed with black! that spot like a bullet through the foreboding heart of Mrs. Chester, a letter from Colonel Chester, announcing the glorious death of his son! a letter once upon the field of victory! and, oh! there was less of the father's love and regret, the husband's tenderness and sympathy, and the Christian's resignation, than of the soldier's martial pride in the spirit of the letter!

Her son we blame him much! that was a time, that was a scene in which men made haste to profit and only their own there, but those they had rescued on earth, and could see their best beloved fall, yet scarcely wail to "bury their dead."

But Mrs. Chester was overwhelmed with grief by the two-fold bereavement, the fall of both her gallant sons, of whom she was so proud as fond!

She did not dream of the calamity, more than fond, that had befallen Alice, by the disgrace of a prissely inheritance, destined to darken her whole life with sorrow, while it rescued her in the face of the world with its surest light and splendor! No! she was too much borne down by grief to think of Alice, or her change of fortunes at all.

Nor did Alice even remember it! She was almost stupefied by the effect of such sudden and sorrow falling upon so much joy.

Nor did Hilton Sinclair once recollect it! In those first days of bitter lamentations and weeping, the young minister visited and sought in custom, counsel, and console the afflicted wife and sister, never calculating how tremendously, or how fatally this calamity might affect his own destiny, as Colonel Chester might choose to view it! Or the one hand, sobering him with untold wealth, on the other, depriving him of the only wealth he coveted, his fair, gentle, and fragile Alice!

But there was one who was not so forgetful—Colonel Chester! He was still with the army, and his mother's letter was received by him, assuming his speedy return home, accompanied by his friend and companion in arms, General Garnet, a young officer, who, though his thirty years of age, had risen to the highest rank in the army, and won an immortal fame. So much, he wrote, that Mrs Chester and her daughter knew General Garnet by his wife celebrity, and would be proud to make his personal acquaintance! They would, therefore, he requested, prepare to receive him with all honor.

Mrs. Chester was incapable of hospitable thoughts or of domestic cares. One fatal regret filled her heart. She had left her daughter in chamber since the first news of her heavy bereavement had cast her there overwhelmed with affliction. Alice, advised not to disturb her by any unkind, did every thing possible to get the house in readiness for the reception of her father and his distinguished guest.

Colonel Chester came at length, accompanied by General Garnet. He met Alice with great re-pressment—for it was scarcely great affection—grieved her growth and her beauty, introduced General Garnet, and, retreating himself, returned to the sick chamber of his wife.

Left alone with the young, Alice examined him, shyly, with the curiosity of a woman, and the bashfulness of a country girl. General Garnet, not certainly possessed, in its highest degree, *l'une mode et distinguee*. He was what young ladies call a fine, military-looking man. He certainly had a fine martial figure and bearing, or that which in our ideal of it—a tall and elegantly proportioned figure, a noble, majestic carriage, yet withal suggestive of great reposing strength and fire. His face, clear cut classic features—as were surrounded by the soldier, stillness, black hair and whiskers—or rather they usually encased his features, were, in reality, of the finest

Miscellaneous.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

A Chinese correspondent of the New York Herald writes from San Francisco the following account of the Chinese in that city:

The Chinese in this city number about 25,000. They are divided into companies, each of which has a joss-house.

The Chinese Six Companies are the leaders of the Chinese population. They were established in 1857. Mr. Gamer purchased the land and had it under his control. He received $1 per month for each Chinaman who lived on it. The Six Companies obtained the land from Mr. Gamer, and, as I understand, obtain substantial fees in addition.

It is a curious fact that although there is a population of 25,000 Chinese in this city, there are only two of these sex dwellers. The reason is that the Chinese have no idea of family life. They live in companies, and nothing is less common than to see a Chinese woman in the city. One of these two is said to be the wife of Ah Toy, who was the first Chinese woman to land in the United States. She arrived in 1848, and in the 1850 census there were eleven females in the city. Of these seven were Chinese. Now out of a population of 25,000 Chinese there are but two women. Ah Toy is a very old woman, and is said to be a highly refined woman, with Chinese ideas of refinement. She lives in a very high-toned manner, and has a number of servants. The Chinese Consul-General is the custodian of the Chinese women, and without the consent of the Consul-General of Yokohama, where the other women are concentrated for shipment, no Chinese can be induced to import a female. The Consul-General has to be satisfied that the women are not slaves, and that they have come here of their own free will. Large bonds are required of the importer, and after these have been executed the women are allowed to land. A friend of mine had a number of women which he had purchased in China, and which he was importing for his own use. He had to execute bonds in the sum of $2,000 each for the women, and then they were allowed to land. Of course, the bonds are only nominal, and are forfeited by the importer if he wishes to sell the women. The Chinese women are principally used for immoral purposes, and the Consul-General is very careful to prevent their importation.

The Chinese are very fond of gambling, and their favorite game is fan-tan. You can see it in full operation in almost every Chinese gambling house in the city. Over a table is suspended a chandelier, from which are depended bronze bells filled with bits of metal. Under the table is a square hole, and the dealer sits on the other side of the table. He takes a handful of cash, and then counts them out in fours. The object of the game is to bet on what number will be left when the last four are counted out. The dealer counts out the cash, and the bells ring as he counts. The betting is done on the floor around the table, and the game is very rapid. Fortunes are frequently won and lost in a few minutes, and the excitement is intense. Sometimes a player will bet a thousand dollars on a single throw, and will win or lose it all. Fan-tan is the favorite game of the Chinese, and is played in every gambling house in the city. One of the largest houses is run by Ah Toy, and is said to make a profit of $1,000 per day. Some of the houses are run by companies, and others by individuals. The Chinese are very fond of lotteries, and have a number of them in this city. One of the largest is run by Ah Toy, and is said to make a profit of $1,000 per day. Some of the lotteries

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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Dock Street, Corner, Penna.,
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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

KOSSUTH,

The N. Y. Express has received a letter from a correspondent on board the U. S. Ship Richmond, which says that Kossuth and family probably arrive at New York about the 15th of this month. Kossuth learned the discharge for a short time at Gibraltar, for the purpose of visiting Eugland. He then describes Kossuth, and his reception on board:

When news was received that Kossuth and his suite had arrived at Q——— (on the Rock of Gibraltar), a whole regiment of visitors came to every ship in the Mediterranean. We sailed for Gibraltar immediately. On the afternoon of the 10th the look-out reported the steamer in sight. As she was approaching the harbor there could see crowds of people on her decks. A salute morning was fired from the Rock, and the ensign hoisted, and place on deck, in the center of the Governor's side of the quarter deck, the Governor, he described his interview on leaving here in very strong terms. Some of the staff of the Governor he began to find and realize that liberty was appreciated, and that we were among a free-born people—a free officer of his staff.

It were impossible to relate him with public military honors, for it would have been recognized. The Governor's carriage and guard of honor have been of little service to Kossuth, and a genuine welcome heart to him.

The crew were drawn up on the opposite side of the deck from the officers, and the Governor with the Captain. When he came over the side the Governor received him with marked attention to the officers. Kossuth, with one hand on his sword, advanced, and made one of the most approaching bows I ever witnessed. He looked like a Prince, and every inch a gentleman. He speaks English correctly. He was a little nervous at first, but soon regained, that he was proud and happy to find himself treading on British soil, and that he was receiving the state of which had put to the Autocrats of Europe. He thanked him for the honor of that great country we represented—and to Mr. Secretary Seward, whom he had been previously endeavoring to imitate those glorious traits of character which will ever render AMERICANS worthy of the world.

Captain Talbot replied that he was most heartily welcome, and the old gentleman, swinging his hat, made a bow that would have done credit to those shown were given him; three such cheers as have not resounded within the walls of the Rock old forts since the early Nelsonian days rendered their echoes responsive. It was a most inspiriting and thrilling scene, and I am not ashamed to say that I joined in as not a little of the enthusiast—for dear Poor Kossuth was almost overwhelmed with the demonstrations of affection. He spoke English correctly, but with a broken accent. He said he was a stranger, but

Selected Poetry.

HIRIAM.

BY FITZHUGH GRANT.

Thinking and sleeping and waking
And in the world around,
For all you see and hear and feel
Soon in the midst of God;
And Heaven stands but a step away,
With her glad music, they say and sing.

There is a solemn peace before
The harvest work is done,
The fairest of the fruits with Summer's glow
Are perished now by sun;
And there's a stillness in the air
Of such deep fullness that no Autumn wind
Can seriously rustling in the leaf.

A day of sunshine calm and clear,
The hallowed summer's end,
The fullest measure of its year,
All spent to use of God;
And all the work of man's
Like the calm beauty of the day.

There was a time when there could be
My spirit closed to this,
There was a beauty in my earth
Like sunshine on my face;
I have not thought this sunny a day,
How calmly on my heart it lay.

Nor do I know that thought of mine
Goes back the past to store;
I have not seen a face like them,
Its light to be smiled by more;
And many a weary mile away,
And hushed like myself to-day.

I wonder if thy thought at times
Turns kindly back to me—
Back to those old delicious chaos,
And islands in the sea.
When once we saw an Eden smile,
Lasting as old as the skies.

It matters not—enough to know
That all our dreams were true,
That all their joy and woe
Will never come again;
Enough to know—I am not changed,
And I—I hate not any husband!

Selected Articles.

EARNEST PURPOSE.

"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose firmly fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature without it."—*Sir Thomas Powell Buxton.*

It is Purpose which gives brain to every character, which is a will that "does in a way," says the familiar proverb, and its truth is stamped on all faces. The will cannot be hidden, whether on doing a thing—in half-way in doing it; it is the best part of the battle. Will, manifesting itself in deeds, is the very soul, the highest power of character: it gives potency to the whole constitution of a man. Indeed, Will is character—it is the man himself.

It is astonishing what an individual, borne upon the tide of a powerful will, can do, can accomplish. He bends other minds to his purpose: weaker natures yield to his; he carries all before him. He will not believe in impossibilities. "Impossible," said Napoleon, "is a word which cannot be found in the dictionary of fools." It is not intellect that makes a man great, so much as earnest purpose. The men in all the world who have deeply impressed their character upon their age, have not been at all times men of high intellectual power, but men of indomitable will and of unswerving industry. Of such natures were Martin Luther, Ignatius Loyola, John Knox, Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, and John Wesley.

Look at Napoleon—how he pressed all men—soldiers and philosophers alike—into his service. His will was almost omnipotent. He was down before him like the wheat before the reaper. The world lay at his feet. Once it was said to him that the Alps stood in the way of his ambition. "There shall be no Alps," said he; and forthwith the ground military road was made, and the access to Italy was rendered easy for all time coming.

It is said of Warren Hastings, that when a boy, he was remarkable for the tenacity with which he pursued, and rested in his young mind that those last promises once uttered yet he his. His strong will helped him to realize his early vow; and the grandeur of India it accomplished, his fame, and his great designation, and after years of toil, and of severe conflict, the same statesman forgot not the determination of his youth, but he did as the lords of Deepdene have been known to do.

The late George Stephenson was a practical worker in matters that fell within his own department. When he first proposed to carry travellers along the iron road at a greater speed than ten miles an hour, he was laughed at by many scientists, and the Quarterly Review compared his proposed speculation to a "drunken rocket." But Stephenson had got firm hold of his idea, and would not give it up. Spouting afterwards of the difficulties he had to encounter before he could get his ideas recognized, he said:—"At Liverpool I pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles per hour. I had no doubt the engine would go much faster, but it was better to be within bounds at first. I had to place my road in the witness-box of a Parliamentary Committee. I could not find words to satisfy either the Committee or myself. One bigwig asked, I was a foreigner, and neither hinted that I was mad; but I put my strength forth and went on with my plan, determined not to be put down." Everybody now knows that Stephenson was right, and that the Parliamentary Committee and Quarterly Review were wrong; for express trains now travel regularly at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Take another instance, from the life of Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor of Ireland—a man who is early life was a bar boy, and by diligence and steady purpose worked his way up the highest rank in the profession. The record of his success is his own words, was as follows: "I received," he said, "a shilling briefs the first year, and spent everything. I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing until I had received my second shilling fee. Many of my contemporaries had a brief in a day as I read in a week; but I was determined to be a lawyer, and thought was as fresh as on the day on which it was acquired, while flashes had glided away from their remembrance."

The fear of artistic and literary men are full of equally instructive instances of the victorious power of purpose and earnest endeavor. That of John Martin is full of interest. Martin, in origin and early circumstances, was a humble man, almost alone among living artists. Once, when very poor and in great straits, he began to work on one of his great historical pictures—he called the first "Fall of Nineveh." One by one his few shillings disappeared; and it looked for some time as if he must die of starvation. This shilling he had reserved, because it was a bright one; and with it he one day went to a baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. The bread was in his hands; but the baker remarked it back—the bright shilling was a counterfeit! Then artist returned to his half-finished picture, and he did not leave the lands of Desplanket before he had finished it.

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Of earnest men in a humbler walk of life, John Pounds, the cobbler, the founder of Ragged Schools—Dodd, the sailor, the printer, the founder of Sunday Schools—and Thomas Wright the iron prisoner, the reformer of criminals may be referred to honesty and virtue—as illustrious instances. Beaucroft, Carey, and Oberlin, are examples of what missionaries can do, when they are inspired with an earnest purpose. Oberlin's one determination—his one idea—was to ameliorate the midst of the wretched and almost barbarous population of the Ban de la Roche: but in a single year he succeeded in entirely changing the dog and Cartwrighting the people. Here is a man who had no education, who set to work, who read to Strasburg was needed, and Oberlin appealed to the generals and proprietors to go to work and do it. He appealed in vain:—"Then he threw a pickaxe over his shoulder, set out forthwith, and plodded into the work himself. The appeal to others was unavailing, but his example; the peasants then flocked to the work, and the road was soon made. Oberlin's account of manners, in the course of the moral, physical, and religious reformation which he effected among a people in a district which he visited, was very simple, namely: "To declare this order to be done: to do himself, and to set others; and to do, until what had to be done was thoroughly done."

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance, are, indeed, the secret of all success. No good endeavor, strenuously persisted in, will fail: it must succeed at last. Energy of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much. "The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating its powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing its energy, may fail to accomplish anything." Nor does effort, well directed, tend in any way to enhance a man; it rather gives his character increased strength to act decisively. Burke said: "The man must be born to do the thing he does, or he does nothing worth his while." The original man may not be born to it, but he will make himself so by the sheer force of earnest purpose.

A FARMER'S KITCHEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

[WE do not remember to have seen, within the compass of any one of the numerous volumes of antiquarian research, the following picture, but the homely simplicity of it is very charming.]

A portion of Mrs. C. Tracy Stones of excellent and very valuable work, entitled "Wild Flowers and Their Associations," has been published. The chapter from which we extract is devoted to the description of the kitchen of the old-fashioned New England farm-house. The author is a native of Connecticut, and the view of a farmer's kitchen, taken during the evening meal of a rural farmer family. It is a picture of the olden time, and of the olden time:

The kitchen of the old farm-house of New England is one of the most characteristic features of the whole establishment. Every thing about it is of home manufacture, from the floor to the ceiling. The floor is of wide pine boards, scoured till they look almost as white as the snow-drift that is piled up against the door. The ceiling is of the same wood—sometimes painted, sometimes left to the natural color, and blackened by the smoke of many years. The walls are of plaster, and are whitened; but they look as if they had been whitened many times, and had been left to take their own time about it. The fireplace is of huge dimensions, reaching from the great oven, on the right, to the corner on the left. Over the fire hangs the crane, with its pothooks and trammels, and on the hearth stand the tongs, the shovel, and the bellows, all of ancient fashion, and evidently coeval with the fireplace. Then there is the dresser, with its rows of pewter plates and dishes, and its well-scoured wooden bowls and trenchers; and the tall clock in the corner, with its long pendulum swinging behind its tall, narrow door, and its round face, with its quaint figures and hands, telling the hour and the minute of the day, and the day of the month, and the month of the year, and even the age of the moon. Then there is the table, with its wooden trenchers and bowls, and its pewter platters, and its foaming pitchers of cider, and its pots of beans, and its pies, and its Indian pudding, and its pumpkin sauce, and its pork and beef, and its mutton and lamb, and its chickens and turkeys, and its vegetables, and its fruits, and its nuts, and its cheese, and its cakes, and its doughnuts, and its pumpkin pies, and its apple pies, and its pies of all sorts, and its pudding, and its pudding sauce, and its milk, and its cream, and its coffee, and its tea, and its sugar, and its molasses, and its apple sauce, and its apple butter, and its pickles, and its preserves, and its honey, and its maple sugar, and its maple molasses, and its pitchers of cider, and its pitchers of water, and its pitchers of milk, and its pitchers of cream, and its pitchers of coffee, and its pitchers of tea, and its pitchers of sugar, and its pitchers of molasses, and its pitchers of apple sauce, and its pitchers of apple 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